to get reinforcements—mainly artillery support—to liberate the city, and complained bitterly that the soldiers in passing trains were not interested in the revolution. Another train arrived. The refugees from Kursk rushed to the cars. After a heated discussion, a cannon was unloaded from the rear platform. The soldiers moved it along the track to an open place from which one could see church spires on the horizon. Then they started bombarding the city. A man in a railroad uniform came running. "You damned fools!" he shouted. "How dare you fire without reconnaissance? How do you know that these birds are not Cadets? Let them show their documents!" The refugees from Kursk had no documents. So the cannon was put back on the train.

As we proceeded further south, travel became increasingly difficult and the search parties more and more arrogant. A train committee was elected to deal with the station authorities and pay ransom "for cultural purposes." Our committee also tried to get in touch with the searchers' superiors, but more often than not they had none. Frequently soldiers from a train waiting for clearance sent a searching party into our cars. Our train was cleaner and less crowded, most of its passengers wore neat uniforms, and they carried no arms; thus they seemed different and therefore dangerous. Emma and I were fairly safe. Our papers were in order and I looked like any other soldier returning home. But Tseretelli's life was in danger, since his presence in the train was no secret—all Georgians knew him.

There was a supply of liquor and wine in the ambulance car, and our committee decided to use it to expedite our progress. Instead of filling in the forms at the commissar's office at a station, the committee would invite him and his aides to the ambulance car. After sampling choice Caucasian wine and vodka, they would agree that our train was okay. Then they would be led through the cars and invited to search the luggage. At this stage, however, they had no desire to look under the benches. This public-relations policy proved highly successful, but once it backfired. At Tichaya, south of Kharkov, three men boarded our train: the commissar of the station, the commissar of its garrison, and the commissar of the traffic service. They enjoyed the refreshments and one of them ordered the switchman to let the train pass, forgetting that he and his companions were on it. When the people at the station discovered their commissars had disappeared on a suspicious train, telegrams flashed along the line: "The Cadets have kidnaped the revolutionary authorities of Tichaya. Stop the train!"

When we approached the next station we found the semaphore open and the switchman's signal to the train to go ahead. Then the train was switched to a siding surrounded by machine guns, and all the passengers were ordered to alight. Armed soldiers boarded the